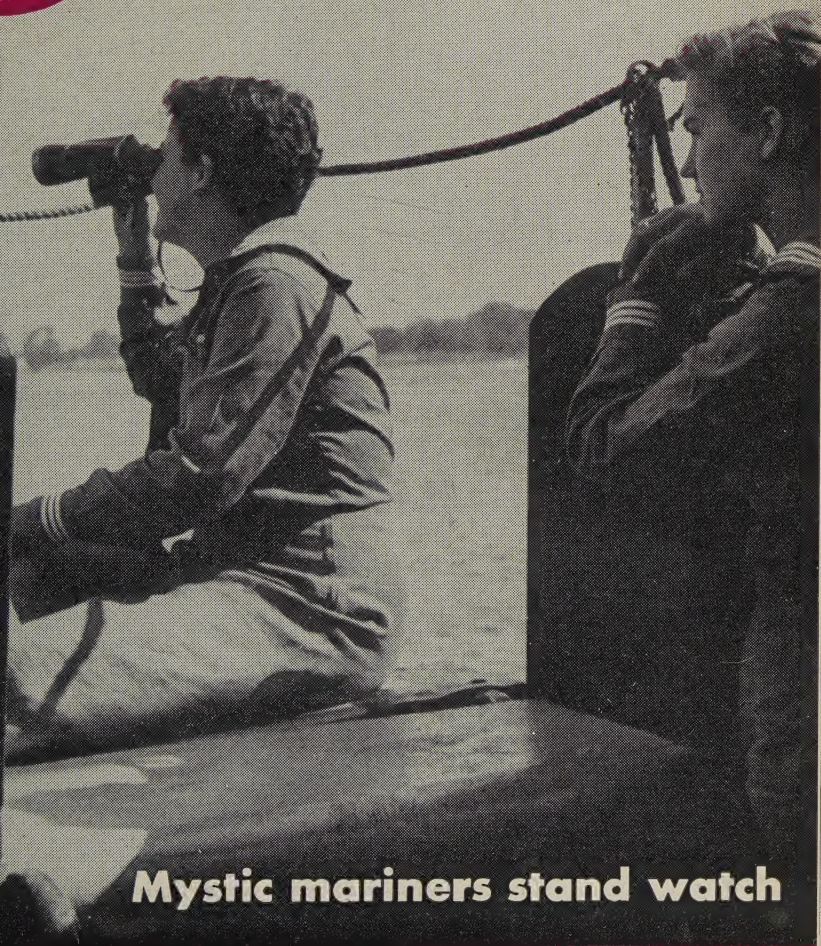


Youth



Mystic mariners stand watch

July 20, 1958

9/15



editor's note:

Summer tests our stewardship as we go camping in the woods or along streams, as we stand in awe at the tourists' sites, as we feast on food at picnics, and as we work (or waste) our vacation days. So much has been given to us. Can we be trusted with it?

Smokey the bear is one of the best supporters of good stewardship. From billboards across the land he urges us to take good care of God's gift of the forest. God has made the land not for the health and profit of a few but that all may be nourished and prosper. How our nation (and the world) makes use of its land and other natural resources is a religious question. Can we be trusted?



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*"I'm writing home to tell my mother
about how the boys' camp is separated
from our camp by a raging
stream!"*

July 20, 1958

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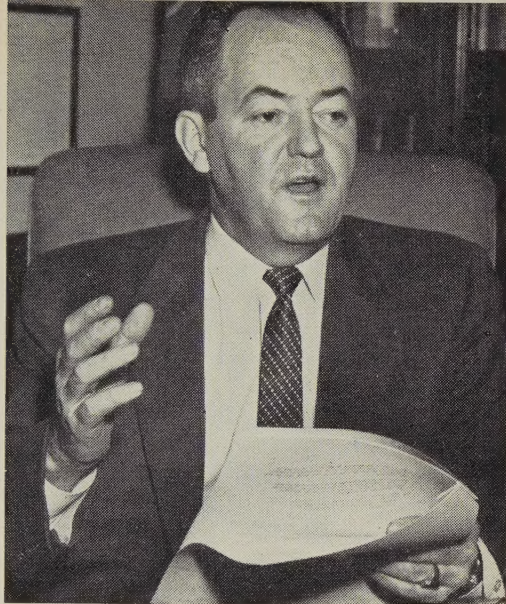
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UP Photo

Senator Humphrey speaks to the press on a current issue.

Hubert H. Humphrey-- Father and Legislator

By Glenn D. Everett

SENATOR Hubert H. Humphrey (Democrat, Minnesota) is a man of strong convictions. As the father of four children, for example, the Senator feels that Congress ought to change the schedule of its sessions so that members of the House and Senate can spend more time with their families. Three of his four children are teenagers—Nancy, 19, a student at the University of Maryland; Hubert (Skipper), 15, a senior high student;

Are we fair to families of congressmen?

Robert (Bob), 13, in junior high; and ten-year-old Douglas. Both as a father and as a legislator, Sen. Humphrey is genuinely interested in the problems of today's teenagers.

Somewhat of a "boy wonder" in politics when he was elected mayor of Minneapolis on a reform ticket at the age of only 34, Sen. Humphrey stepped out of a college classroom onto the national political stage. He has never lost his youthful outlook on life. He started out to be a druggist, like his father, Hubert Humphrey, Sr., and received his first college degree in pharmacy. Mixing pills and preparing prescriptions, however, was not his line. He was too interested in politics and international affairs. So he took a graduate degree in political science and soon was teaching history and government at Duluth, Minn., State Teachers College. Later, he taught at Macalester College, St. Paul, and at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis.

In 1945 young Professor Humphrey was elected mayor of Minneapolis in a political upset and just three years later became the first (and still the only) Democrat from Minnesota ever to win a seat in the United States Senate. He was re-elected in 1954 by a landslide margin.

Mr. Everett is Washington correspondent for Religious News Service and a frequent contributor to YOUTH magazine. This article was written by Mr. Everett after a special interview with Senator Humphrey.

"The only regret that I've ever had about entering public life," Senator Humphrey told a representative of YOUTH magazine, "is the time it takes away from my family."

Congress starts its session on January 3 each year. The legislators are supposed to complete their work by July 31 and go home to the hustings to talk with their constituents and study national problems. In actual practice, Congress can't get its work done in seven months. Last year, they stayed in session until almost Labor Day and the weary legislators got no summer vacation at all.

Sen. Humphrey thinks Congress ought to recess on June 1 to return on October 1 and complete its business. This way the sessions would more nearly correspond to the September-June school year and the members could be the same place as their families.

As it is now, Mrs. Humphrey and all the younger Humphreys take off about June 10 for their Minneapolis summer home on a lake near Minneapolis while Dad stays alone in Washington in all the summer heat to wind up the work of Congress. About the time the family is ready to return to their home in suburban Chevy Chase, Md., Congress finally adjourns—whereupon Dad takes off for Minnesota to fulfill speaking engagements and to talk with his constituents.



**Senator
and Mrs.
Humphrey are
pictured in the
backyard with
their children.**

"Congress sticks to an old traditional schedule designed for a day when the members could come to Washington in January and take care of all necessary business by April and then go home," Sen. Humphrey says. "It also was a day when most members of Congress were old men who had raised their families."

Today Congress works at such a rugged pace that the older men can't stand it. Over 30 members in their 60's and 70's are voluntarily retiring this year alone. Their places are being taken by younger men, who like Sen. Humphrey, are also busy raising families. Congress ought to take more note of family responsibilities, Sen. Humphrey contends, and it can't very well tell the rest of the country what to do until it reforms itself.

Just how does a busy Senator find

time to be an active father? Well, the family long ago gave up hope of seeing Dad for dinner. Either the Senate is staying overtime (night sessions are all too frequent), or he has a dinner engagement or a speech or television show he must get to. So the Humphreys make breakfast the big family meal.

This means that Dad has to get up early, even if he didn't get to bed until midnight or later. In fact, he sometimes gets up well before breakfast, as early as 6 a. m. The reason for this is the family "study hour." As a former teacher, Sen. Humphrey thinks his sons and daughter should get good grades in school. And so he has a regular session in which he offers some top-rate tutoring in any subjects which are giving trouble. The kids really appreciate this help from Dad and he's justifiably proud of the good

Is the pace of Congress too rough for old men?

grades they are getting in classes.

The family goes out to Minnesota for the summer, not only because the weather is nicer out there, but because, as their father remarks, "If we all stayed in Washington all the time soon none of us would be from Minnesota, even if I still had the title of 'Senator from Minnesota.'" He thinks it important that all children raised in or near the District of Columbia have a state of their own, so that they have a sense of belonging to this great nation."

While the family is in Minnesota, Dad commutes as many weekends as he can, flying out on Friday afternoon and back in time to be at his Washington office early Monday morning. This is fatiguing and also very expensive, but it's the only way to see anything of the family.

Sen. and Mrs. Humphrey keep their home for the children. Except for an occasional Sunday afternoon, they do not invite their adult friends to come to the house. They do such entertaining as they must elsewhere.

"The door is always open to children of all ages," the Senator comments, "and I often have trouble finding my own among all of them. I find using the shuffleboard or badminton courts or having a jam session down in the recreation room."

The senator likes to join in these teen-age activities when he can. The kids all admit their Dad is a great man at the barbecue pit. And they

haven't finished heckling him yet over the fact that they can now beat him at swimming. The senator keeps up with the latest hit tunes by dancing with Nancy to the hi-fi down in the recreation room when her gang gets together.

On Sunday the whole family goes to church together. Although they are members of the Congregational United Church of Christ in Minneapolis, they attend Chevy Chase Methodist Church which is just around the corner from their home in Washington.

The senator retains the interest he developed in Boy Scouts when he was scoutmaster of a troop in Huron, S. D., back in his druggist days. He and Mrs. Humphrey also attend more P.T.A. meetings in the Chevy Chase area than do most of their neighbors.

The senator's genuine enthusiasm for youth has carried over into his legislative work. In 1956 *Redbook* magazine named him one of ten legislators who "have done the most for youth." He is a veteran sponsor of federal aid for schools, has sponsored a Constitutional amendment to give all young people the right to vote at 18, and has introduced a bill that would give 40,000 federal scholarships a year to needy students who otherwise could not afford college.

The senator has also suggested a program of income tax credits for



As members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senators Humphrey and Knowland are briefed by U. S. Ambassador to the UN Henry Cabot Lodge (right).

parents who are depleting life savings to send their children to college.

He is very proud of his recent bill, S. 3582, in which he proposes establishment of a Youth Conservation Corps to "provide healthful outdoor training and employment for young men" in conservation and recreational projects in the national forests. This would be a real break for some young men who are raised on city streets and never know a real outdoor vacation.

One glance at the senator's speaking schedule shows that it's filled with engagements to speak at college campuses or before high school student groups. He accepts these invitations and turns down others that would pay him a fine fee because he is convinced that the fu-

ture hope of America and all its free institutions lies in the generation who will take over the nation in a few more years.

"I leave standing orders with my secretary that whenever time permits, groups of students visiting Washington are to be given an appointment to see me at my office," Sen. Humphrey told your YOUTH reporter. "I meet with thousands of teenagers every year. Take it from me, I don't go for this nonsense about modern youth going wrong. These are the keenest, brightest, most promising group of youngsters our country has ever raised. There's nothing wrong with youth today, although there may be something wrong with our adults and their relationships with youth." ▼▼▼



All photos by Oscar J. Rumpf

Whether rare or burnt, pork chops (above) tasted good after a morning of hard work. At dusk (below) the young people met for evening vespers.



at Marthasville, Mo., teens go on . . .

Week-end retreat

WITH THE HELP of Missouri youth, a historic home near Marthasville, Mo., is gradually becoming a center for youth retreats and week-end workcamps. The old stone house is the first residence of the Evangelical Seminary (now Eden Theological Seminary in Webster Groves) and is located one-half mile from the Emmaus Home for Epileptics and Feeble-minded. The Retreat House is not a finished product. Each group which uses the center contributes something in the development of its future. As funds are given, materials are purchased. Under the guidance of Rev. John C. Ruhl, superintendent of Emmaus Home (Marthasville), each week-end camping group does whatever work it can. Recently, 20 members of the senior high Youth Fellowship of St. John Church, Mehlville, Mo., spent a weekend at the Retreat House. Two mothers planned the meals, two fathers (one a contractor) helped with masonry work, and the youth counselor, Ed Heine (a senior student at Eden), led the group in discussing *About Myself* and *Science in God's World* and led in Sunday morning worship. ►►►

Mr. Ruhl (center)
Ed Heine (left)
watch boy drive in
stake.





One of the work projects over the weekend was removing nails from old lumber which was used to build a bin for sand and gravel for later construction.



Both boys and girls worked. One of the fathers (a contractor) helped erect the indoor chimney.

THE Mehlville youth came on Friday night and left on Sunday afternoon. In between they played, worked, worshiped, had serious discussions, ate well-planned meals, and got a little sleep. As workers, they filled in holes in the road washed out by rain, built a bin for sand and gravel to be used in future construction work, and erected a chimney from the basement through the first floor into the second floor of the new addition. Other groups will continue the work.

Climbing a wall without benefit of ladder was a favorite pastime. Even for the girls!

Evening discussions, closing meditations and then to bed.



Jackie Hohmeier



Check up

ALL DURING our lives we find ourselves sharing in group activity. We belong to our family, the Scouts, the softball team, the choir, the Spanish club, and/or the church youth group. Sometimes we belong to some committee.

Now and then we come away from our group activity feeling dissatisfied with the way things are going. There is apparent lack of interest, or there is bickering among the members; the group seems to be growing away from its common relationship and goal.

This sometimes happens because we are not functioning well as units in our group. Since it is we who make up the group, we must always be conscious of our contribution to it. To get at the root of our common group problems, we must first ask ourselves, "Am I a good group participant?"

Here are some of the roles of a good group member. You may play several or all of these roles in your group at some time—in fact, the more roles you play, the better. You should not feel that your place in the group is determined by one role only. If you find that you have not been participating enough, resolve

now to be a better group member and watch how your group will come alive, both for you and for everyone else in it.

Do I Participate?

1. Do I propose new ideas, activities and procedures? Or do I just sit and listen?

2. Do I ask questions? Or am I shy about admitting that I don't understand?

3. Do I share my knowledge when it will prove helpful to the problem at hand? Or do I keep it to myself?

4. Do I speak up if I feel strongly about something? Or am I shy about giving an opinion?

5. Do I try to bring together our ideas and activities? Or do I concentrate only on details under immediate discussion?

6. Do I understand the goals of the group and try to direct the discussion toward them? Or do I get off the track easily?

7. Do I ever question the practicality or the "logic" of a project, and do I evaluate afterwards? Or do I always accept unquestioningly the things we do?

8. Do I help to arrange chairs, serve refreshments, and even clean up when the session is over? Or do I prefer to be waited on?

9. Do I encourage my fellow group members to do well? Or am I indifferent to their efforts and achievements?

10. Do I prod the group to undertake worthy projects? Or am I happy with mediocre projects?

11. Am I a mediator and a peace maker? Or do I allow ill feeling to develop?

12. Am I willing to compromise (except where basic issues such as truth and justice are involved) or do I remain inflexible?

This quiz was prepared with the help of Leland P. Bradford, director, NEA Division of Adult Education Service, and the faculty and students of McKinley High School in Washington, D. C. It appeared in the March 1956 issue of The National Education Association Journal.



1. Devaney

You may play several or all of the roles in your group at some time, the more the better.

13. Do I encourage others to participate and to give everyone else a fair chance to speak? Or do I sit by while some people hog the floor, and do I sometimes dominate the proceedings myself?

How Do I Rate?

Some of us are so involved in the group we forget we are individuals. We are one-for-all-ers. Others of us try to put our individual needs or the needs of some other member above those of the group, even though these needs may not be necessary to the work of the whole group. We are all-for-one-ers. Between the two extremes is the happy-medium member who is *both* one for all *and* all for one.

Answer the following questions either *yes* or *no*. Then check your rating on page 30.

1. Do I kid around a lot?
 2. Do I get so absorbed at meetings that I forget other people are in the room?
 3. Do I usually disagree?
 4. Do I agree with everything?
 5. Do I call unnecessary attention to myself?
 6. Am I always silent?
 7. Do I use the group as a place to spout my pet philosophical ideas?
 8. Do I get most of my ideas from the group?
 9. Do I volunteer for everything?
 10. Do I never volunteer?
 11. Do I thrive on influencing others?
 12. Do I thrive on being influenced?
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the rough edges

a story by Arlene Hale

FLEUR MOVED up the flagstone walk as demurely as her thumping heart would let her, for her happiness knew no bounds today. Somehow meeting Steven had made up for all the bad things that had happened to her, for all the wrong that Father had done to Mother and her.

"I've never given my ring to anyone before," Steven had said last night. "I—I didn't think I'd ever find a girl quite like you."

She'd laughed and held Steven's heavy ring in her hand. It was warm and hard and very precious.

"It's much too big for my finger, but I love it. I'll buy a tiny silver chain and wear it around my neck."

"It's clumsy looking and not very pretty. I thought you'd like a dainty emerald maybe or a polished ruby—"

"Why?" she asked with a laugh.

"Because you're you. Pretty and little and so—ladylike."

"I love your ring," she said. "Just as it is. I wouldn't want anything else. For this particular moment, it's perfect."

Today she'd bought the chain and the ring lay warm and pleasant

against her skin. It was a part of her now, the most important thing in her life.

Fleur pushed open the heavy door to Aunt Tess's rambling mansion with a pleased smile playing around her lips. In the hallway, she saw the old, soft, gray hat lying on the table. Her heart jumped. It had been two years since she'd seen a hat just like that. She remembered still the hands that twisted it, the eyes, the face, the voice that went with its owner. Father!

"Come to the library, please, Fleur!"

It was Aunt Tess calling. It was too late to vanish up the winding stairway to her room. Fleur stood frozen for a moment. For the barest second she knew an agonizing fear, as though she'd tumbled down a long, dark tunnel to a bottomless pit.

The library door was open. At first all she could see of Father was a pair of shabby shoes, much in need of polishing, a pair of trouser legs, shining from too many pressings. He wasn't as tall as Fleur remembered. His dark, straight hair was flecked with more gray and he didn't seem



She ripped the chain over her head and threw it at him, ring and all.

to know what to do with his hands. "Hello, Fleur," he said. "I'd forgotten how pretty you are."

He came to her and Fleur braced herself to keep from twisting away. He endured his quick, embarrassed kiss on her forehead and stood there, eyes unblinking.

"What do you want?" Fleur asked. Father cleared his throat and glanced uneasily at Aunt Tess.

"I've bought a house in town," he said. "I'm opening a furniture shop here. I can make a home for you now. I waited purposely until I could. We'll be together the way we should be."

Fleur's ears rang. He couldn't be serious. In a way it was the most outrageously funny thing she'd ever heard.

"Your father would like for you to move in over the week end. The house is ready and waiting," Aunt Tess said.

"Father! Funny how all of a sudden he starts acting like a father. I won't do it!"

"But, Fleur," Father said. "Despite what you think, despite what happened, I do love you. You're my daughter. I need you. We need each other."

Fleur felt the last shred of her polite dignity melt away. Rage burned like a low flame inside her.

"I don't need you! After what you did to Mother, how could I ever need you? Do you think I can forget the way she cried herself to sleep night after night—"

"Fleur—"



the rough edges

Father stretched out his hands with a helpless look in his eyes. He seemed about to say something and then slowly his hands dropped to his sides. He sank into a chair, head down and the room was so quiet, Fleur could hear the old clock ticking in the hallway.

"May I be excused?" Fleur asked coldly.

Aunt Tess nodded.

"Your father's staying for supper. I'll expect you down in the dining room at six."

Fleur turned on her heel, forcing herself to walk calmly out of the room. She reached her room, closed the door and vigorously locked it behind her.

Everything was going in circles. She closed her eyes tightly, thinking that the whole thing just had to be a bad dream, that in a few minutes she'd awaken and everything would be perfect again.

Too soon, much too soon, Aunt Tess was calling up the stairway to her.

Father looked so sadly out of place here amongst the soft linen, the tall crystal goblets, the lustrous old silver. Father had never been refined, never polished. He was like a country clod with all its rough edges showing.

Fleur couldn't eat. The food stuck in her throat and after awhile she just stopped trying. Father ate though, heartily, like a starved peasant.

Fleur noticed his hands, rough and calloused, tiny knicks and scars across

his knuckles. Once those hands had held her high when she wanted to see inside a rain barrel, once they'd held hers tightly as they tramped a fair ground, once they'd swung her as high as the tree tops, or so it had seemed. She'd been a mere child then, blind with trust.

The meal was over at last. Father cleared his throat noisily and Fleur winced.

"You're to move on Saturday," he said. "It's a nice house, Fleur. It's not as if I were asking you to leave this town where you've made so many new friends."

"I won't go," Fleur said, shaking her head.

Aunt Tess's hand shook as she laid aside her linen napkin and looked across the table to her.

"You *will* go, Fleur. You'll give this an honest trial."

Somehow she hadn't expected this from Aunt Tess. When she'd first come here two years ago after Mother died, Aunt Tess had opened her heart and home to her. She'd made life bearable.

"What right has he, Aunt Tess?" she asked quickly. "Once he didn't care about me. Or Mother. What right has he to come back now and ruin everything?"

"Let me explain," Father said.

Fleur pushed back from the table and for once forgot to excuse herself. She didn't want to hear any explanations. She ran from the room and outside. She kept running until her hair was mussed and her cheeks were hot. She hated to feel like this, so untidy and warm, but something kept pushing her on, urging her to run.

Finally, she calmed herself enough

to go to the Top Hat Cafe where Steven often took her. She called him from there.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Are you crying—"

"N-No. Please come. I've got to talk to someone."

The moment Steven came in with his long-legged stride, his mouth quirked upward with persistent good humor, she began to feel better. There was something so reassuring about the hard set to his shoulders, the wonderful way he looked in his clothes.

"I've got the car outside," he said. "We can't talk very well in here. How about it?"

"Wonderful!" she answered. "You always manage to do the right thing at the right time, Steven."

He frowned a little.

"Do I?"

It was better in the car. Steven drove her to their favorite spot, a place high above the town where they could see for miles around and even catch a glimpse of the winding river. The sun was slipping over the rim of the world and it was all golden here, like a mist.

"All right," Steven said, turning to her. "Let's have it."

"It's my father."

"Father! I sort of had the impression he was dead. Both your parents."

"In a way he killed my mother. He killed her with unhappiness. He was stubborn and they were quarrelling all the time. Then he just left one day and didn't come back."

"Why?"

"He's a furniture builder and he wanted to start his own shop. Mo-

ther didn't want him to. She knew it would cost a lot of money and that we'd have to go in debt. Father had a perfectly good paying job in one of the factories in the town where we lived. Mother wanted him to be sensible and stay there."

Steven nodded and she went on, telling him all the details, and about the house Father expected her to move to.

"Your father sounds like a man of courage," Steven said thoughtfully. "Did you ever try looking at it from his side?"

Fleur set her lips in a straight, hard line.

"His side! He just wanted to be stubborn and mean and go his own way."

Steven leaned back and folded his hands under his head.

"I don't know. A man likes to be independent. Sometimes he just *has* to create something for himself. Maybe he felt smothered in the factory. Maybe he had to make the change or lose all his self-respect."

"You don't know him or you wouldn't be standing up for him. He's so crude, weak and stubborn!"

Steven reached out and touched the chain around her neck and for a moment held his ring in his hand.

"You mean he isn't perfect?"

"Far from it!"

Steven touched her face for a moment with his fingers.

"You've got it into that pretty little head of yours that life is just one big, beautiful parade. Well, it isn't."

She tried to make her voice light, but her throat was so tight the words barely squeezed out.

"Are you trying to sound worldly?"

the rough edges

"No," Steven shook his head. "I may be young but I'm old enough to know that life has a lot of little dark alleys off of it. Sometimes a man just has to take a chance, Fleur, and walk down one of them—"

"You don't understand. Of all the people in the world, I thought you'd understand!"

"You've become possessed with this idea of being perfect. Tonight for the first time I saw you with your hair mussed and you looked a little unsure of yourself. You looked more human, Fleur. I liked you better that way."

Fleur stared out of the window. Night birds were beginning to call in the trees and the evening star glittered in the darkening sky.

"Go live with your father, Fleur. Give him a chance. No one's perfect."

"I won't do it!"

"Why won't you be fair?" Steven asked with a sigh. "You've set yourself up on some kind of pedestal with a 'Holier than thou' air about you."

"I'm disappointed in you, Steven. You've pretended to be something you're not. You're sulking like a little boy—"

"I'm human. I've got a temper. Most of the time I can control it. You've just looked at me through rose-colored glasses, that's all. Better just give me back my ring!"

"Gladly!"

She ripped the chain over her head and threw it at him, ring and all. He picked it up and turned it over in his fingers. Fleur choked back the

hurt tears. Could it only be a few hours ago that she'd felt so happy?

Saturday came much too quickly. Aunt Tess called a cab. Solemnly, Fleur watched her things being loaded inside.

"I'll be over later," Aunt Tess said. "Chin up."

The house was a modest place and looked terribly small after Aunt Tess's mansion. It was easy to locate her room. It was done in her favorite colors, pink and white, and she was a little surprised at the good taste.

"Is it all right? I tried to remember exactly what you used to like."

She whirled around, startled. Father stood there, grinning uneasily, so anxious to please that it was almost painful to see.

"I suppose I can get used to it," she said coolly. "I don't intend to like it here."

Father's grin faded. The lines came back around his mouth and his hands began moving nervously.

"I—I made every stick of furniture in the house myself. I was hoping you'd like it."

She made no reply and Father shifted his feet on the floor with a funny scraping sound.

"Well, I have to get back to the shop. Welcome home, Fleur. I'll—I'll do my best to make you happy here. I'll see you at noon."

Then he was gone. Fleur paced the floor, unable to sit down, to accept the thing that had happened to her. Finally Aunt Tess came.

She looked around and ran loving hands over the polished surface of one of the chairs Father had made. Fleur began to feel uneasy. Aunt Tess was looking at it like she did.

some of her precious old antiques.

"Aunt Tess—"

She looked up and smiled.

"So beautiful. Expert craftsman-ship. I don't know how he does it. To look at him you wouldn't think he was capable of it."

"You needn't try to build him up to me. I know him for what he's worth."

"I wonder," Aunt Tess said thoughtfully. "I think it's time you listened to a few things. Your father made me promise to try never to disenchant the memory of your mother, but it's time you faced the truth."

"You're talking in circles, Aunt Tess. Father's blinded you just as he blinded me once—"

"Hear me out. Your mother and I were never close, even for sisters. She had an aloofness about her, something like yours, an attitude that she

was slightly above others, that she was a smooth, polished jewel with no rough edges."

"Mother was a wonderful woman!" Fleur said angrily.

"True. In many ways. But a foolish and a greedy one too. Your father didn't leave her. She sent him away."

"What are you saying?"

"Search your heart, child. You know that as well as I do, don't you? Think about it. Your mother made her mistakes too."

"You've never lied to me before, Aunt Tess."

"I'm not lying now."

Fleur groped for a chair to sit down.

"You made a mistake too, didn't you, Fleur?" Aunt Tess asked. "You blinded yourself to the truth because it was easier that way." >>>

may we quote you?

It is unreliably reported that an enterprising paper-back publisher is going into the leather-bound book business. And what will he call the offerings? Piggy-backs, of course! (*John G. Fuller, Saturday Review.*) . . . Most of us know how to say nothing—few of us know when. (*Leisure.*) . . . A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a virtue which puffs him up. (*Survey Bulletin.*) . . . Ben Fortson, of the Texas Co.'s Washington office, tells about one of the secretaries who recently came in with a year's supply of 3-cent stamps. "I wanted us to have plenty on hand," she explained. "The price is soon going up to 4 cents." (*Washington Bureau.*) . . . He pleaded, "Will you marry me?" while the lights were soft and low, and they lived happily ever after when the girl said, "No." (*Anna Herbert.*)

the rough edges

"But Aunt Tess—"

"Am I right? Didn't you make a mistake about your father? Can't you look at the beautiful work in this room and know that? He had a true and gifted talent. He *had* to pursue it for his own peace of mind."

"I—I never really thought about it like that."

"It's time you did."

The house was very silent after she'd gone. Thoughts whirled crazily in Fleur's head. She ran a hand hesitantly over the furniture her father had made and was surprised to feel a little thrill. It truly was beautiful work. But Mother had tried to stop it, to dwarf his skill. Mother had been wrong in that. She'd made a mistake.

"So have I," Fleur thought. "A terrible mistake!"

She reached for the phone and quickly called Steven's number.

"Steven—"

"Fleur?"

"Yes," her voice sounded very small. "Could—you know how to cook steaks?"

"Steaks?" Steven asked with a sur-

prised laugh. "Why, I'm the best chef this side of the river. Almost."

"Well, would you, I mean could you come over to Father's house—I mean, our house and help me cook some? I want to fix lunch—something nice, simple but really nice."

"I'm on my way."

He arrived ten minutes later. For a long while they stood and simply looked at each other. Fleur turned away, a catch in her throat.

"Oh, Steven, I've never said I was sorry to anyone before. How do I begin?"

Steven grinned and pulled the chain with his ring on it out of his pocket.

"First, try this on for size."

He slipped it over her head and his smile was gentle.

"As for your father, just stay here and get to know him again, pick up your life with him, forget the years between. Now come on, woman, lead me to the kitchen—"

Laughing, Fleur tucked her hand into his. Oh, she had so much to learn. So much to do. This little house was going to be fun. She'd make Father happy here and in so doing find happiness herself. ▼▼▼

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Watch is kept aboard the Joseph Conrad from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. The 12 hours are divided into four watches. It is the duty of the watch to keep the log in the chart room, ring the ship's bell on the hour and half-hour, to put up and take down code flags, and raise the meal pennant. It is part of the youth training program at Mystic Seaport, Conn. Members of the watch, Eleanor Hamilton (with binoculars) of Princeton, N. J., and Linda Rudell of Weston, Mass., observe boats passing on the Mystic River. (Cover photo by W. Henry Boller)

A world without privacy is slowly becoming possible



By Theodore A. Braun

IF YOU could choose any time in the world's history—past, present, or future—to live in, what would be your choice? Mine would be the exact present! I'm glad I wasn't born any sooner, for then I couldn't have seen some of man's most recent inventions. I'm also glad I won't be on earth several centuries from now. Life is exciting and full right now.

A person can be pretty sure that the future will permit much less personal privacy. Already it is possible for extra-sensitive directional microphones to pick up a conversation a mile away. Expected soon is X-ray photography, where eyes six miles high can see everything going on inside a house. George Orwell in his novel, *1984*, gives a terrifying picture of a world without privacy—a world which is gradually becoming possible.

Even now, law enforcement agencies make use of wire-tapping and

hidden microphones to listen in on suspected individuals. With the way congressional investigating committees have been acting during the past few years, who knows whether such persons are suspected because of possible criminal behavior, or because of unorthodox and "un-American" ideas—such as being in favor of peace, coexistence, recognition of Red China, etc.

Christians see the home as an island of family worship and privacy in the midst of society. The family circle ought to be the one place in life where desires, criticisms, and secrets can be freely shared and yet be contained within the circle. To tear down these walls of privacy in the name of security or defense is really to destroy security—and democracy itself!

Perhaps there'll be a day when the word "private" will pertain only to a fellow in Uncle Sam's army, but that day will come only over the objections of an informed, Christian public.



Mr. Braun is a campus minister at Pennsylvania State University, State College, Pa. This is his second in a series of news comment columns.

Girl Mariners at Mystic

LIVING aboard the *Joseph Conrad* at Mystic Seaport, near Mystic, Conn., is the highlight of the summer for many a gal of the Girl Scout Mariners, or many a guy of the Sea Scouts. Their stay is part of the youth training program sponsored by the Marine Historical Associations, Inc., founders of the 17-acre Mystic Seaport, which is an authentic reproduction of a typical old New England seaport of the mid-19th century. The youth training program has as its motto, "Helping Youth Chart a Course." Captain Raymond Titus, skipper in charge of the program, holds firmly to this motto by teaching punctuality, neatness, cleanliness, teamwork, obedience and consideration for others, along with the science of the sea. Youth from 15 states and Canada have participated in the program since its start in 1949. Strangely enough, the boys and girls from the inland states often make the best sailors. Once a training ship for the Royal Dutch Navy, the *Joseph Conrad* has prepared over 4000 cadets for life at sea.

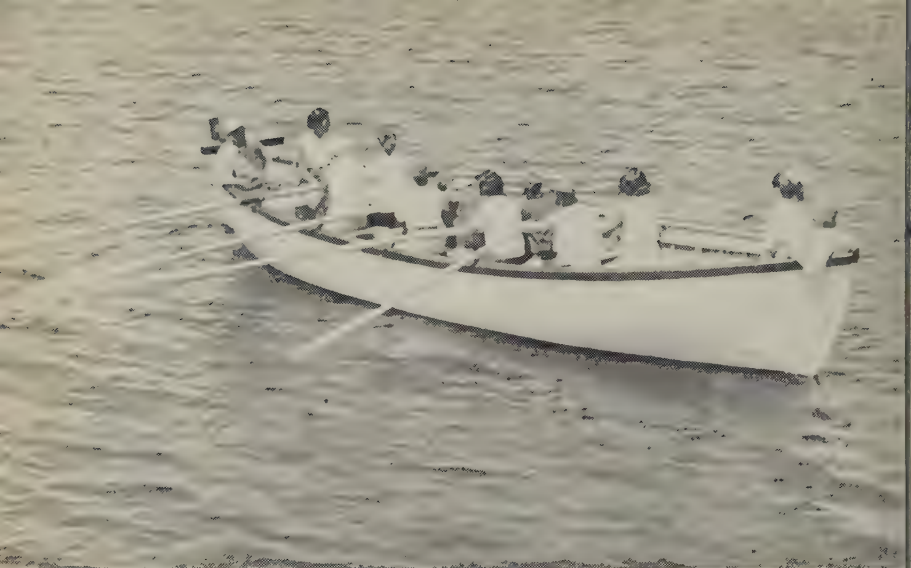
**Captain
Raymond Titus,
skipper, gives
the gals a quiz
on nautical
terms.**





Photos by W. Henry Boller

No sailor can escape the responsibility of cleaning the ship. Debbie (with hose) and Brenda (mopping) are members of Troop 5 of Weston, Mass. ►►►



Captain Titus takes the novices out for rowing instruction in one of the 28-foot lifeboats. In addition to teaching the science of the seas, the instructors aim to help youth chart a course in life.



The girls are tying "baggy wrinkles" out of short ends of rope. Many such knots make a cushion which keeps boat's side from rubbing against dock.

*Sper services at Fishtown
Chapel, Mystic Seaport,
re held for the mariners
and visitors every Sunday
afternoon. Services are
interdenominational and
e conducted by a clergy-
man of a different faith
each Sunday.*



*The Joseph Conrad
is "all dressed up"
for Sunday. Pennants
are flown on Sundays,
holidays, and special
occasions.*



on this business of living

Does time really heal all wounds?

SAYS a thoughtful grandmother who has seen much of living: "Young people need to keep in mind Hippocrates' time-honored pronouncement far back there, that healing is a matter of time—and Terence's corresponding statement that time assuages sorrow. Our girls and boys nowadays often seem to lose hope quickly when things do not clear up in a short while. Tell them to wait a little more patiently!"

Wise people like this grandmother have always recognized that one of the best treatments for soreness of spirit or for the feelings of disintegration that are sometimes brought on by a crisis, is simply to let life run its course. As time passes, the stricken personality re-integrates itself. As the routine of daily living becomes a little smoother, the broken heart has an opportunity to become whole again.

When we are depressed or mightily stricken by something it is natural for all of us, especially the very

young, to disbelieve this ancient and unfailing truth. During a period of stress we reject such a suggestion as unthinkable—and the person who offers it is "unfeeling."

Full living *does* furnish the necessary therapy we all need. Time is therapeutic, it *does* have healing power. *But . . .* in order to gain the best results it is necessary to allow time the best circumstances under which to work. If the circumstances of life are pressing or we fail to see them in the best light, time by itself may serve to intensify the crisis instead of relieving it. The doctor does not trust simply to time alone to heal. He also depends upon competent nursing and the right medicine. Such things as beginning to plan ahead for the job that really matches your abilities, for example, is as important as "waiting patiently for something to break."

As we learn to look upon time as an ally to be worked *with* rather than a foe to work *against*, we will be better able to deal with our prob-

Dr. John E. Crawford

- a clinical psychologist with special interest in youth and their problems
- a Fellow in the consulting division of the American Psychological Association

ems in a more mature manner.
All people need the right kind of recognition as valued individuals. All too few people receive the right kind of recognition and praise.

Every church is a wonderful place in which to begin receiving—as well as giving—the therapy of healthy recognition. Try it in your own church. You may be surprised to discover how your own problems will be dwarfed as you begin to put the other fellow in a situation where he begins to receive some genuine recognition. Jesus made a point of lifting up those people who needed his help to a position where they could receive rightful recognition . . . and their whole lives were changed.

Enjoy the Christian fellowship and stewardship in your church in this way. For, to quote Hippocrates fully, "Healing is a matter of time, but it is sometimes also a matter of opportunity."



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Copyright 1958. Gospel Trumpet Co.

"These are perfect attendance pins . . . Sunday School, Youth Fellowship, Youth Leader Training, Men's Brotherhood, Youth Work Night, Men's Work Night, Youth Missions, Youth Recreation, Vacation Church School, Bible Study Group, City Youth Camp, County Youth Camp, State Youth Camp, International Youth Camp, and Choir Practice . . . I haven't been home in three months!"

Warsaw Adopts Curb on Youth

The Municipal Council of Warsaw, Poland, has decided to regulate the public behavior of its teenagers. If successful, the experiment will probably spread throughout the country's provinces. New regulations forbid boys and girls under 16 to appear in public places without an adult after 9 p. m. Unescorted 17 and 18 year-olds will have a curfew beginning at 10 p. m. The new rules also forbid selling alcohol to youths under 18. Smoking in public by those under 19 will also become an offense. Under the new code it is hoped that young people will show more respect for their elders, will behave quietly, refrain from using vulgar expressions or dressing in poor taste.

Two English Towns Enlist Teen Constables

Teenagers are being enlisted as special constables in Wednesbury and Darlaston, England, to help combat gangs of their own age. These two Midland towns are accepting boys and girls at 18 as "specials" on the local police forces. Usual British policy limits police recruits to those over 21. Thus far, eight teenagers are regarded as

"specials." They have the right to arrest, but work only part time and are not paid. The local boroughs hope to recruit 45 boys and 15 girls to supplement police juvenile work. These steps have been taken because "teenagers can better understand what the rowdies are thinking."

High School Seniors Direct Study Halls

Discipline is not a problem in the study halls of the Collinsville (Ill.) High School. There the student who might cause the most trouble is at the teacher's desk—in charge. Teachers said the experiment would not work. But it did. As a parting gift, the 1958 graduating class voted to take over study hall supervision, thus giving their teachers more leisure time. Most of the 234 seniors volunteered.

"Those seniors have a social conscience," Principal H. C. Sutter said. "They feel that they can keep some of these individuals from making serious mistakes better than the faculty because of their more intimate association with them." It has been good for the seniors too, the principal feels. One senior who has never displayed any interest in school activities suddenly became a good study hall leader. He developed a new interest in school fun

West Coast Students o Perform in Brussels

An announcement by Senator William Knowland of California disclosed that the string orchestra of the Burlingame (Calif.) High School will perform in the United States Theater at the Brussels World's Fair. The invitation to the 8-piece group was issued by the State Department. They will be sent by funds recently raised in their community.

Expand Spiritual Horizons Urges Space Scientist

Man needs to expand his spiritual horizons just as rapidly as he is expanding his physical horizons through ventures into outer space. This is the opinion of Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, director of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and a lay preacher in the Methodist Church. Dr. Dryden, who will head the nation's new outer space agency now being organized, said that the words of the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" take on new meaning as he contemplates exploring beyond the earth's gravity and atmosphere. The farther man ventures into the Universe, the more humble he must become. Dr. Dryden contends that man is now learning how to master everything but himself and because of this "man is his own greatest enemy."



UP Photo

Judy Plumb, 17, of Irwin, Iowa, arrived at Newark airport to serve as baby-sitter for the four young daughters of Singer Pat Boone. Judy was met by Cherry, 3, Mrs. Boone (center) and Lynn Carlton (right), a neighbor of the Boones.

University Teaches Wise Use of Leisure

Americans are resting their way right into mental illness, according to a professor of psychiatry at the University of Oklahoma. "Idleness causes mental trouble," Dr. Donald Greaves says. "We are getting patients who are bored, restless, depressed because they don't know how to rest." To combat this, Dr. Greaves is teaching the "art of leisure-manship." This is defined as any activity with others or self-expression which help people really relax. Television is tiring because there is no sense of fulfillment.

Teen Tips

* * *

Do you have teen-age friends who don't go to church? Then challenge them to see "Diary of a Teen-Ager" on *Look Up and Live* (CBS-TV) on Sundays at 10:30 a. m. EDT. This dramatic series started on July 6 and continues through August. Susan, just at the point of graduating from high school, is the diarist. Betsy, her younger sister, is beginning high school. And there's an older brother and two very human parents also involved. The older brother is married; Betsy is just starting to date. So the general theme of the new series of programs on *Look Up and Live* is the old and beautiful and sometimes troublesome one—love.

Youth from all parts of the country are joining adult delegates in traveling to the Purdue University campus for the National Conference on Christian Education, August 19-22, at Lafayette, Ind. Daily schedule includes morning worship led by Dr. Martin Luther King, morning study groups on 100 different subjects, afternoon youth rallies, daily dramatic productions (including "Cry, the Beloved Country"), evening mass meetings, and parlor pow-wows before bed. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (see pages 3-7) will be a keynote speaker at the closing evening session.

Send all registrations and requests for information to the National Conference Committee, Room 215, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 22 Pa. Deadline for registrations is July 31.

Answers to "How do I rate?"

Ideally, all the answers to the questions on "How do I rate?" on pages 12 and 13 should read "no." But nobody's perfect. Rate yourself by the number of times you have answered "yes." Where do you stand on this Hit Parade?

0—Either you're great or you're "The Great Pretender."

1 or 2—"You're Getting Yours" (congratulations, that is).

3 or 4—"Are You Satisfied?" You shouldn't be.

5 or 6—"It's Almost Tomorrow." But tomorrow is never too late to start improving.

7 or more—Get lost. "See You Later, Alligator."



AP Photo

New York's Governor Averill Harriman greets the nine Negro students who were the first to attend Little Rock (Ark.) Central High School.

Little Rock students visit New York

WHEN the nine Negro students from Central High School, Little Rock, Ark., visited New York City last month, they were greeted by such celebrities as the city's Mayor Wagner, the UN's Dag Hammarskjöld and Dr. Ralph Bunche, Broadway's Lena Horne, and New York's Governor Harriman. "In a real sense," Dr. Bunche, Under Secretary of the United Nations, told them in the presence of UN Secretary General Hammarskjöld, "what you've been doing is what the United Nations effort is in the international community—to meet provocation with reason and restraint but to be firm in our determination to stand for right and justice. The whole world owes you a debt of gratitude for what you've done." Much controversy has been stirred up by U. S. District Judge Harry Lemley's decision on June 21 to halt integration for 21½ years in Little Rock's Central High School. Mob violence among Little Rock's segregationists seems to have caused the judge to back down on an integration order. Although these Negro students may not be able to return to Central next fall, their efforts to achieve equal rights as U. S. citizens will long be praised.

A camper's prayer

God of the Hills, grant me thy strength to go back into the cities without faltering, strength to do my daily task without tiring and with enthusiasm, strength to help my neighbor who has no hills to remember.

God of the Lake, grant me thy peace and thy restfulness, peace to bring into a world of hurry and confusion, restfulness to carry to the tired one whom I shall meet every day; content to do small things with a freedom from littleness; self-control for the unexpected emergency and patience for the wearisome task; with deep depths within my soul to bear with me through the crowded places. Grant us the hush of the night-time when the pine trees are dark against the sky-line, the humbleness of the hills which in their mightiness know it not, and the laughter of the sunny waves to brighten the cheerless spots in a long winter. Amen.

